

(Dances With Wolves) Dance When The Wolves Howl

by Sixty Five Roses

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Summary: Takes place 3 days after the end of the film. Scared out of their minds of being away from the tribe, Dances With Wolves teaches Stands With A Fist how to slow dance in order to distract them.

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**A/N: this is just an idea I had. I haven't done any research about slow dancing or whether a Sioux woman was allowed to dance/sing at the time the film takes place, so if I am historically inaccurate, please regard this story as an AU. I still hope you enjoy it. **

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><p>Dances With Wolves stared into the fire that Stands With A Fist lit up to chase the night cold out of their lodge. It was their third night away from the tribe, and the silence of the night was eerie and put the both of them on edge. He wrapped his arm around his wife, pulling her to his side.<p>

"What's bothering you?" She asked, her pronunciation slow and careful.

"It's nothing, I've just been thinking," he replied and kissed the crown of her head. "About my family." He explained. "My parents died, before the war. But when they were still alive, they were a very happy couple. They liked to dance."

"Dance?" Stands With A Fist asked, her tone curious.

"Yes, have you ever danced?" he asked and Stands With A Fist shook her head, a rosy color spreading across her cheeks. When he thought of it, he's never seen any of the Sioux women dancing, only the men. "Let me teach you," he said and stood up and reached out for her hand, gently pulling her up. "Have you ever seen white people dance? Your white parents, maybe?" he asked and Stands With A Fist shook her

head again. "Well, first, you need to have music," he said. "You have a lovely singing voice, you can make the music." Stands With A Fist looked as if she was struck by a lightening. She's always enjoyed singing, but she's never sung to a man, not even to her first husband. She didn't even know where and when Dances With Wolves has ever heard her sing, except for the day they first met.

"I don't know any white songs," she responded.

"Sing a Lakota song. Music is its own language," Dances With Wolves replied. With her face growing increasingly red, Stands With A Fist let out a few tentative notes. Noticing the way her husband's eyes lit up at the sound of her singing gave her courage to continue. He stepped closer to her and took one of her hands in his, placing the other on her side. "Now, we sway together, from side to side," he explained and demonstrated the movement to her. Shyly, Stands With A Fist imitated him, until they swayed in unison. The rhythm of their slow dance and the soothing sound of Stands With A Fist's singing made them relax into each other. Their eyes locked in an enchanted gaze that gave them a sight into each other's souls. From afar, they heard the howl of a wolf, maybe Two Socks, maybe a different one, followed by a howl that came from another direction, creating a dialog of howls. With the silence of night now gone, and the knowledge the wolves were watching them from harm, they seized to fear of their isolation from the tribe. They could go to bed and make love and then fall asleep in each other's arms. They would be safe.

THE END

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><p>As always, I'd love to know what you thought of this story, so feel free to leave a review or send me a PM.

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